

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY OAVIS & TRIMMIE.

Devoted to Southern Rights, Politics, Agriculture, and Miscellany.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

VOL. XIV.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1857.

NO. 36.

## THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY OAVIS & TRIMMIE.

T. O. P. VERNON Associate Editor.

Price Two Dollars per annum in advance, or \$3.50 at the end of the year. If not paid until after the year expires \$3.00.

Payment will be considered in advance if made within three months.

Non-payment taken for less than six months.

Money may be remitted through postmasters at our risk.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates, and contents read on reasonable terms.

The Spartans circulate largely over this and adjacent districts, and offers an admission to medium to our friends to reach customers.

Job work of all kinds promptly executed.

Blankets, Law and Equity, continually on hand or printed to order.

## CAROLINA SPARTAN.

From "Porter's Spirit."

### A Deer-Hunt in the Palmetto State.

BY B.

"The audacious monarch of the waste,  
Sprung from his hoary couch in haste."

A moment listened to the cry,  
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;  
Then, as the monarch rose, he saw  
With one brave bound the chase he cleared."

[Lady of the Lake.]

It was on a bright and cloudless October morning, in 1857, that I found myself

passing easily along the State road in the

upper portion of Charleston District—my

Wesleyan Richards thrown carelessly across

the saddle-bow—a wallet of "rivers" tied to

the crupper, and a tickler of old Bourbon

distending my breast-pocket. Pet, my

rough little tacker, was lazily switching away

the gnats, against which my face was pro-

ected by an atmosphere of real Havana

and, Bounder, Killbuck, and old Nell,

whose tongues had swelled the chorus of a

hundred chases, and howled the requiem

of many a gallant buck, were trotting

along beside me. The sun was warm,

though tempered by a pleasant breeze, for

the frost had not yet given to the planters

its bond of security against the malaria, nor

sweetened the yellow clusters of persim-

mons which decked the roadside, and the

autumn winds had scarcely commenced to

despoil of their leaves the moss-covered pa-

trichs of the forest. As I came in sight of

the "White Bridge," our well-known

rendevouz, I heard no sound but my

horse's footsteps; the waters of the "raging

cumaw" were all untroubled, save by the oc-

casional dip of a solitary kingfisher, and all

nature seemed at rest, except the eyes of

the little gray squirrel, who peered at me

from the moss of an old oak, as he drew

his body cautiously behind the limb to

which he clung. Finding myself first at

the meet, I dismounted, latched Pet to a

rail, and throwing myself at full length on

the bank, proceeded to suck the stump of

my cigar, and watch the graceful motions

of an osprey, who was circling in the blue

sky, far above my head. Suddenly I saw

Bounder prick up his ears, and Pet turned

his head up the canal; and rising to my

feet, I caught the sound of a distant yelp,

while

"Hear ye, hear ye, the sound of the

hounds!"

Ere the echoes had died away, I raised

my own horn, and shouted a blast which

made the old woods ring again, and in a

moment more Tom Clifton's pack dashed

up the road, and at my own dogs, with a

howl of welcome, bounded forward to meet

them, five horsemen, cantered up to the

bridge. "Rendezvous, allow me to present you

to my camarades de la chasse. That small

man, with the black mustache and hand-

some face, is Tom Clifton. Twenty-three

seasons have passed over his head, and for

thirteen of them he has been a hunter. That

dare-devil chap, with the crooked nose and

wicked-looking eye, is Kit Gilman. Do you

notice how awkwardly he sits his fiery chest-

nut? He can ride a thunderbolt bare-back-

ed, or break the Wild Huntsman's demon-

strated to harness. That broad-shouldered

giant, with a form like a Hercules, and a

face like the king of good fellows, is Dr.

Morton, who now and then steals a day

from his extensive practice to enjoy the sport

of which he is so fond, and in the skilful

pursuit of which he has no superior, and

not many equals. The two other figures

are our negro drivers: Tom Clifton's John,

the "yellow nigger" with the mustache, and

Col. Dickson's driver, "Daddy Jeems." Our

salutations over, I was soon on my mare,

and all ready for a start.

"Hallo, Jeems, said I, missing Col. Dick-

son's honest face, "where's your master?"

"Massa say he will wait for you on top

of Fawcok old field; an' he tink you better

drubdat fast."

"What do you think of it, Jeems?"

"I spec you better tek dat for the fast

drive, sir; one dubbel on a buck been in

dat last night; I see all he track gwine in,

an' I nubber see none come out; so I spec

he lay in de saplin' field now."

"Very well, Jeems," chimed in Tom,

"you and John go head the drive; we'll

give you plenty of time before we take up

the stands."

Popping their whips, and calling the

dogs, the boys set off at a round pace for

the head of the drive, while we turned our

heads, and proceeded slowly towards the

stands.

"Kit," said Tom, as we were about to start,

"we've got plenty of time; let's ride a piece

up the bank and kill that old gator."

"Gator!" responded Kit, incredulously.

"What do you mean? Who ever heard of

seeing a gator in October?"

"Why, I have! there is an old fellow up

the bank nine feet long, if he's an inch!"

"Fool who!" was the skeptical response.

"Got a mocking-bird's nest some where,

ain't you?"

"You may laugh as you please; but old

scars never goes into winter quarters be-

fore hard frost; and I've seen him out some

hot days in December."

"Well, may-be so; but we'd better not go

now, for if we shoot, it will scare the buck,

\*Alligulor.

and once started, he won't stop this side of

old Sump."

A ride of ten minutes brought us to the

Colonel, and after a few minutes more,

each proceeded to his appointed place.

Pet was soon tied up behind a plum thick-

et, some two hundred yards out of the

drive, and walking back to my stand, I

loaded the "buck-load" of sixteen whist-

les in my right-hand barrel, and the green

slay in my left, put on fresh coppers, and

throwing my gun across my shoulder, walk-

ed to and fro, impatiently listening for the

dogs; but I heard no sound, except the dis-

tant shouts of the boys, as they rode about

beating cover and cheering the dogs to

hunt. Suddenly, three or four quick yelps,

followed by a burst of music, brought me

to a stand; but, alas for the facility of hu-

man expectations above the clamor of the

dogs, came the crack of a whip, and Jeem's

voice, mellowed by the distance, was heard

in angry tones:

"Come back, yahl you good-for-nothin',

cussed, little rabbit-dog, you! I saw

massa hab for shoot da puppy, fore he

spile ebery dog in the pack!"

"Confound the puppy," muttered I, as I

turned to resume my walk; but ere I had

taken a single step, my attention was riv-

eted by another sound—"yow-oo-oo!" What

is there in that silvery cry that sends the

blood bounding through every vein, and

stretches every nerve to its utmost pitch?

Reader, that is Bounder's trail note, and

there's game afoot. Listen now, for Nell

and Killbuck. There they are! the soft

soprano of the one, and the deep dobl-

son of the other, mingling musically with

Bounder's. Nearer and nearer comes the

cry, and still that broken, quivering

tongue tells that the buck is still cowering

in his bed, vainly hoping that the infernal

clamor—for such to his ears must it be—

will sweep past him, as he cowers beneath

the brush-wood. Nearer and nearer, till I

can see the gleam of old Bounder's snout

trailing, as he howls out his excitement, and

sneezes up the warm scent, and still they are

only trailing. Excitement was beginning

to give way to bitter disappointment—for I

was now sure the buck must have sneaked

out of the drive before I reached my stand

when, hark! what a burst! The cry

opened at a little gun-click, not a hun-

dred yards from where I stood. In dashed

the dogs at once, and out burst the buck

at the other. For a single instant, he stood

undecided—it was but an instant—and he

was off with the speed of lightning, and

his white hind streaming in the breeze

behind him. I was standing per-

fectly motionless, and he was too much oc-

cupied with the clamor behind him to ob-

serve me; and as he dashed by within forty

yards, I picked up my gun and fired. The

buck dangled for a few yards, fell, recover-

ed, and finally pitched headlong on the

ground, gave one convulsive shudder, and

the next instant his blade was in his throat.

As the warm blood flowed freely from the

gash, I looked up for the dogs to com-

pare and take their share. To my astonish-

ment, there was not one near me, and I raised my

voice, I caught the cry, as it bore down

toward the Doctor's stand. I now perceiv-

ed, what my excitement had prevented me

from noticing before, i. e., that another deer

had jumped up before the dogs, and while

they followed him off, running by sight,

my buck had slipped off unperceived, and

in the confusion of his terror, had become

separated from his companion—probably an

old doe. I leaped on my gun and list-

ened to the receding cry, when bang! bang!

came the sound of the Doctor's barrels, and

all was still. Before I had finished reload-

ing, I heard three notes of a horn—the

well-known signal of "meat in the pot."

I raised my horn to my lips, and returned

the signal; and dragging my quarry to the

foot of a blasted oak, I mounted Pet and

rode for the rest of the party. Upon arriv-

ing at the Doctor's stand, I found them

all sitting on their horses, contemplating the

fat carcass of a fine old doe, which hung

from the branch of a neighboring oak.

"Isn't she a beauty, Bob?" asked the

Doctor, as I rode up.

"Pretty good, Doc; but I'll show you a

pair of horns, by and by, will make her

hide her diminished head."

John was soon despatched to press some

trash or shingle cart into service to carry

home the deer; and taking "Daddy Jeems"

(so christened by Kit Gilman, though not

over eighteen years old), we proceeded to

take the next drive; but the dogs went

through it without once opening. Nor was

our succeeding effort more successful; for

though the dogs trailed about for nearly an

hour, they finally left the drive without

starting. Tired of this kind of fun, we

agreed to defer the rest of the hunt until

afternoon. So, seeking a shady nook near

a small but limpid stream, we were soon

stretched out at ease, and preparing to

gratify the wants of the inner man.

"Hallo!" cried Kit, who had been busily

engaged in making a drinking cup of his

horn by fitting a stopper to the small end

of it, "who's got a fagran?"

My mouth being just then "too full for

utterance," I silently handed him my flask.

"Ahi! that smells natural, now. Gentle-

man, here's to General Jackson!" and he

tossed off a bumper of the pure stuff.

"Kit," mumbled Tom, through his busy

jaws, "you never told us how your nose

got spilt."

"Confound you," was the gruff rejoinder,

"I've told you a dozen times—I fell down

and stepped on it."

"When?"

"When I was so years old."

Satisfied with this circumstantial account

of the accident, we all relapsed into silence,

and for a few moments nothing was heard

but the crunching of our molars, while the

boys' chances for a dinner off the relics grew

"beautifully less."

"Colonel," said I, at length, tossing away

the used up dramstick of a cold chicken,

"give us that long-promised yarn about

your adventure with the "Spirit Doe of St.

Stephens."

"Oh, yes!" cried all the others, "let's have

the Colonel's story."

"Well, well, boys, let's take a family

drink first, though."